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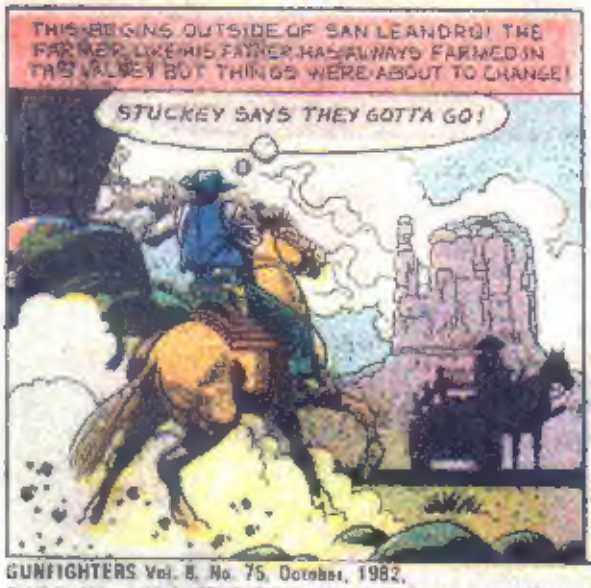
U.S. MARSHAL

A BORDER TOWN, TEXAS IN THE 1850'S! YOU KNOW THE MAN THEY'RE GOING TO HANG... THE QUIET MAN, QUICK WITH A GUN, KNOWN FROM CALIFORNIA TO NEW ORLEANS AS...

THE MAN CALLED LOCO


THIS BEGINS OUTSIDE OF SAN LEANDRO! THE FARMER, LIKE HIS FATHER, HAS ALWAYS FARMED IN THIS VALLEY BUT THINGS WERE ABOUT TO CHANGE!
STUCKEY SAYS THEY GOTTA GO!

GUNFIGHTERS Vol. 8, No. 75, October, 1982.
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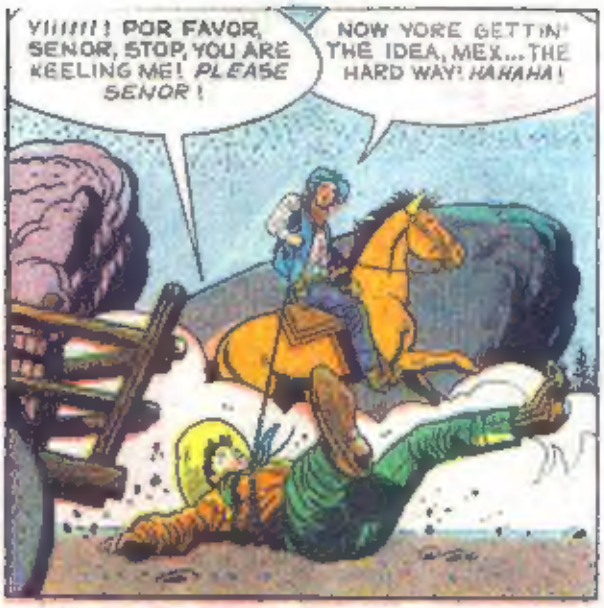
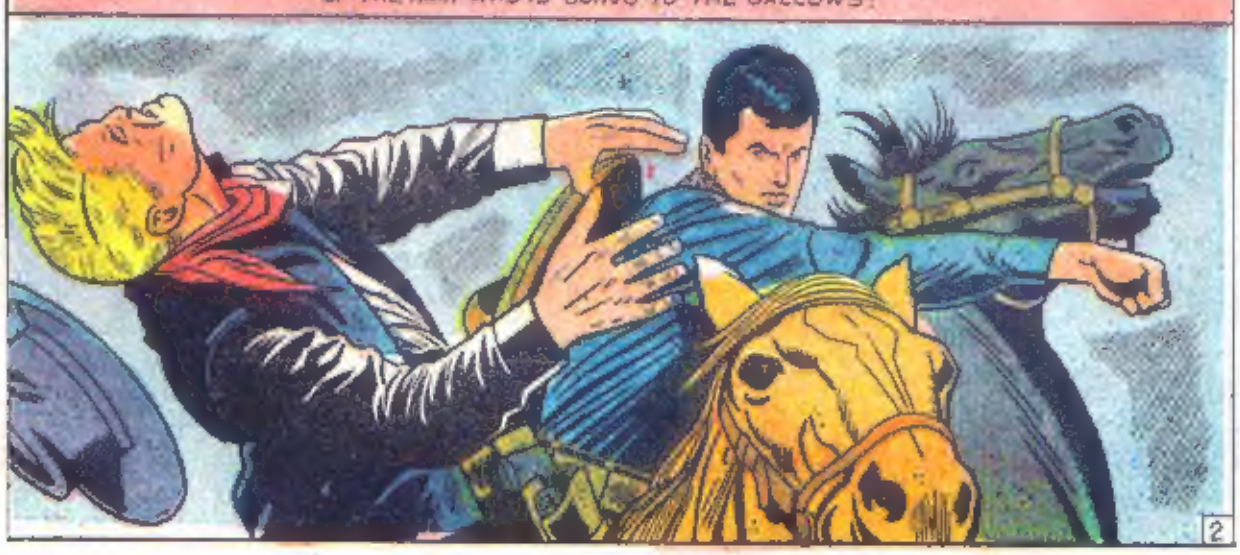


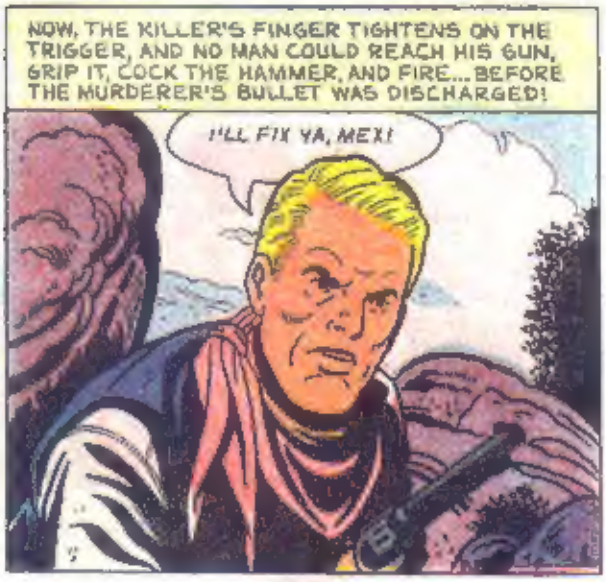
A MAN MAY BE DYING DOWN THERE.....FOR NO MOTIVE OTHER THAN BIGOTRY AND IGNORANCE! A RECENTLY ARRIVED SPECTATOR AT THIS GRIM DRAMA IS....THE MAN CALLED LOCO!

HERE HE IS....THE MAN CALLED LOCO....TAKING A PART IN THIS TRAGEDY.... THE PART OF THE MAN WHO IS GOING TO THE GALLOWS!

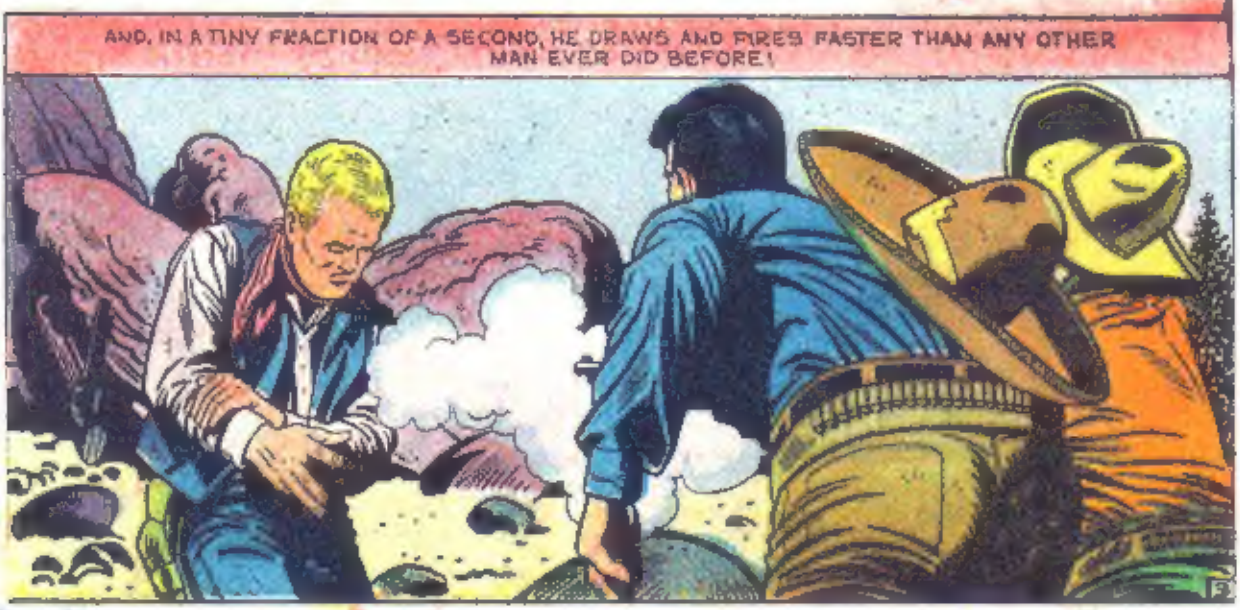


CAN YOU STAND, AMIGO? WHY WAS HE TRYING TO KILL YOU?
I DO NOT KNOW, SENOR! BUT HE WORKS FOR LEON STUCKEY WHO WANTS TO OWN ALL THEES VALLEY!

SO, IT IS AS I THOUGHT! WHERE CAN I FIND THIS HOMBRE?
IN TOWN... SEVERAL MILES TO THE NORTH! HE OWNS... LOOK OUT, SENOR!


NOW, THE KILLER'S FINGER TIGHTENS ON THE TRIGGER, AND NO MAN COULD REACH HIS GUN, GRIP IT, COCK THE HAMMER, AND FIRE... BEFORE THE MURDERER'S BULLET WAS DISCHARGED!
I'LL FIX YA, MEX!

AT LEAST, NO MAN EVER COULD BEFORE... BUT THE MAN CALLED LOCO IS NO ORDINARY MAN... AND HE RISES TO THE CHALLENGE!


AND, IN A TINY FRACTION OF A SECOND, HE DRAWS AND FIRES FASTER THAN ANY OTHER MAN EVER DID BEFORE!

THOSE MEN, SENOR.... THEY ARE FROM TOWN.... THEY ARE THE FRIENDS OF THE MAN YOU SHOT! I AM AFRAID!
YOU RIDE ON, HOMBRE, I'LL TELL THESE MEN WHAT HAPPENED!

WHAT'S GOIN' ON HERE, STRANGER? WHO SHOT POOR RUFE?
I DID, SENOR... AFTER HE TRIED TO KILL A HELPLESS FARMER, AND DRAW ON ME!

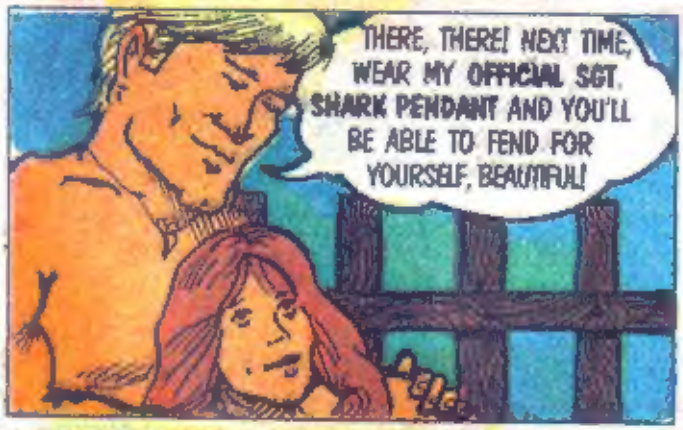
YOU C'N RIDE BACK TO TOWN WITH US AN' TELL THE SHERIFF ABOUT IT IN HIS OFFICE! GET ON YORE BRONC, GREASER! AN' KEEP YOUR HAND AWAY FROM THAT GUN... OR YOU'RE A DEAD MAN!

SHARK, GET BEHIND THE STRANGER... MAKE SURE HE AIN'T IN NO SHAPE TO GET AWAY! YOU KNOW WHAT TO DO!
YEAH, SURE, STUCKEY... I'LL TAKE CARE OF IT!

THE FARMER YOU SAW RIDING AWAY, CAN BACK UP MY STORY! WHY DO YOU NOT SEEK HIM OUT IF YOU DOUBT MY WORD?

THIS IS ALL THE ANSWER YUH'RE GONNA GET, STRANGER! AN' IF YUH OPEN YORE MOUTH AGAIN, I'LL CLOSE IT FOR GOOD! UNDERSTAND?

The Adventures Of SGT. SHARK!



LET THE LEGEND OF SGT. SHARK'S GENUINE SHARK TOOTH PENDANT WORK IT'S MAGIC FOR YOU! DON'T WEAR A SUBSTITUTE — IT'S REAL!

SHARK POWER P.O. BOX 658, SANIBEL ISLAND, FL 33957. O.K., SGT. SHARK, I WANT MY OWN GENUINE, STRAIGHT FROM THE JAWS SHARKS TOOTH WITH 22K GOLD PLATED CHAIN! ENCLOSED IS $5.95 ($4.95 PLUS $1.00 FOR HANDLING) IN CHECK OR MONEY ORDER (MONEY ORDERS AVAILABLE AT BANKS, POST OFFICES OR CONVENIENCE STORES).

RUSH TO:

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RUSH TO:

NAME _____

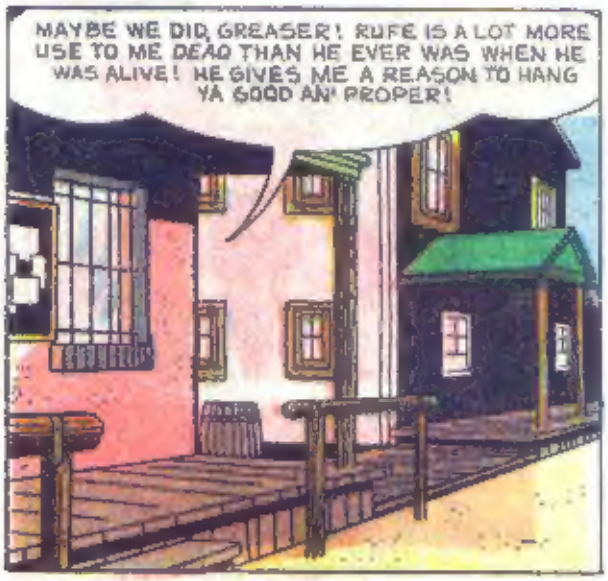
ADDRESS _____

CITY _____

STATE _____ ZIP _____

THROW HIM IN A CELL! WE'LL TRY HIM FOR MURDER AFTER LUNCH!
MURDER?? I ONLY WOUNDED THAT MAN! DIDN'T YOU TAKE HIM TO A DOCTOR?

NOPE! MAYBE YA SHOULDA BANDAGED HIM BEFORE WE STARTED TA TOWN! PORE RUFE DIED O' LOSS OF BLOOD ON THE WAY IN!
YOU LET HIM DIE ON PURPOSE! ALL OF YOU!


MAYBE WE DID, GREASER! RUFE IS A LOT MORE USE TO ME DEAD THAN HE EVER WAS WHEN HE WAS ALIVE! HE GIVES ME A REASON TO HANG YA GOOD AN' PROPER!

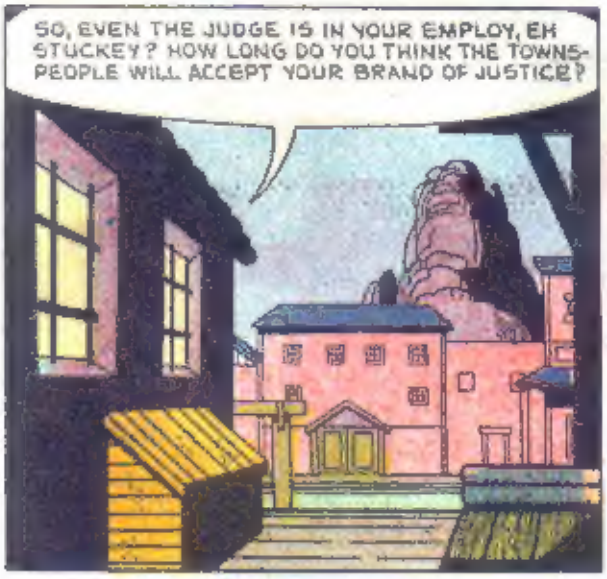
YOU CAN'T CONVICT ME IN A FAIR TRIAL, STUCKEY! BESIDES, I HAVE A WITNESS WHO WILL TESTIFY IN MY BEHALF! HE WILL SPEAK THE TRUTH!

THERE WASN'T ANY WITNESSES, MEX! YA SHOT AN UNARMED MAN IN COLD BLOOD! THAT'S THE WORD I'M SPREADIN' AROUND... AN' NOBODY'S GONNA SAY DIFFERENT!

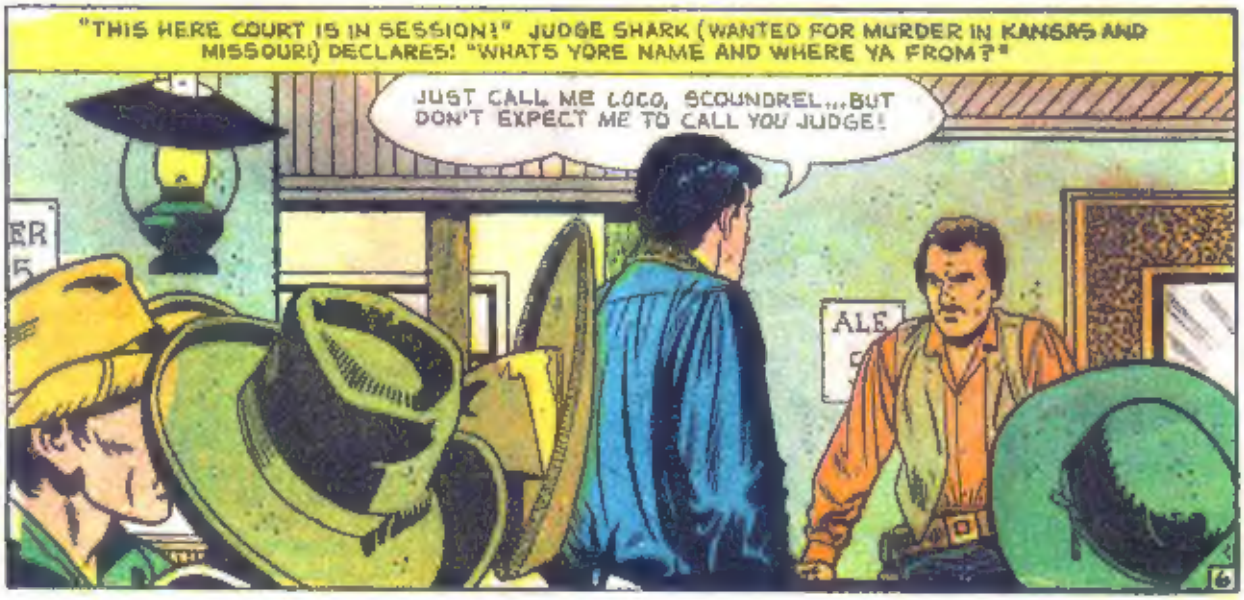
SO, I BEGIN TO UNDERSTAND... AN ENTIRE TOWN RULED BY LEON STUCKEY! EVEN THE FARMER I SAVED, IS IN FEAR FOR HIS LIFE!
I CAN COUNT ON HELP FROM NO ONE!
5

WHEN I FIRST RODE INTO THIS TOWN, YOU MEXICANS HAD EVERYTHING.....BUT I SOON TOOK IT OVER ...AN' PRETTY SOON I'LL OWN EVERY ACRE FOR FIFTY MILES AROUND!
NO JUDGE WILL CONVICT ME ON TRUMPED-UP EVIDENCE, STUCKEY!

THIS ONE WILL, MEX! JUDGE SHARK, THE PRISONER SEEMS TUH THINK YUH'LL LET HIM GO FREE!
TUH TELL THE TRUTH, BOSS, I AIN'T MADE UP MY MIND ABOUT IT!

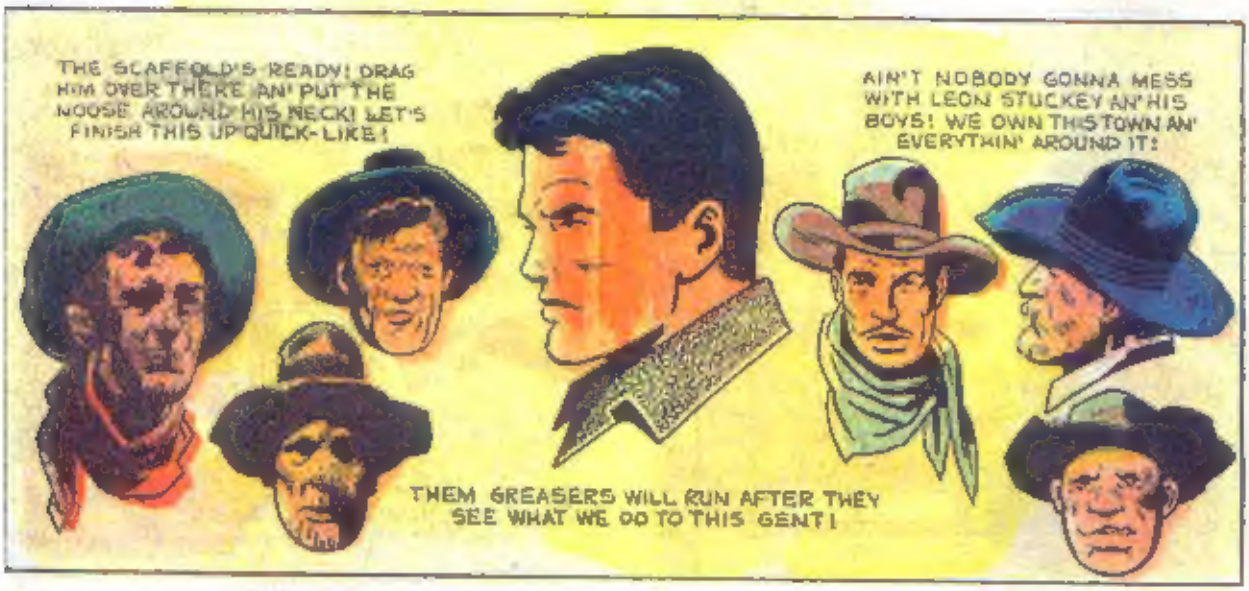

SO, EVEN THE JUDGE IS IN YOUR EMPLOY, EH STUCKEY? HOW LONG DO YOU THINK THE TOWNSPEOPLE WILL ACCEPT YOUR BRAND OF JUSTICE?

AFTER STUCKEY EATS, (NO FOOD IS BROUGHT FOR THE PRISONER) HE BECKONS TO THE DEFENDANT.
LET'S GO, GREASER! WE'RE HAVIN' THE TRIAL IN MY SALOON NEXT DOOR! TRIALS IS ALWAYS GOOD FOR BUSINESS!


"THIS HERE COURT IS IN SESSION!" JUDGE SHARK (WANTED FOR MURDER IN KANSAS AND MISSOURI) DECLARES! "WHATS YORE NAME AND WHERE YA FROM?"
JUST CALL ME LOCO, SCOUNDREL...BUT DON'T EXPECT ME TO CALL YOU JUDGE!
ALE
6

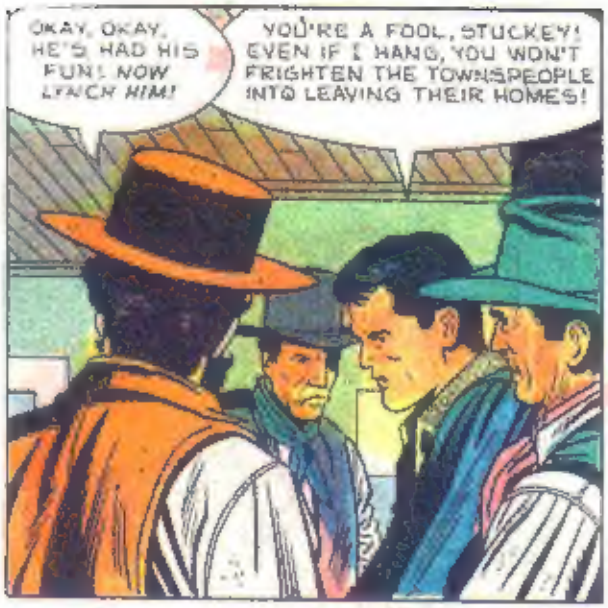
SPEAK YOUR PIECE, SNAPPER!
YESSIR, I SEEN THIS GREASER RIDE UP BEHIND RUFE AN' SHOOT HIM IN THE BACK! PORE RUFE NEVER HAD NO WARNIN' AN' WASN'T CARRYIN' A GUN NO HOW!

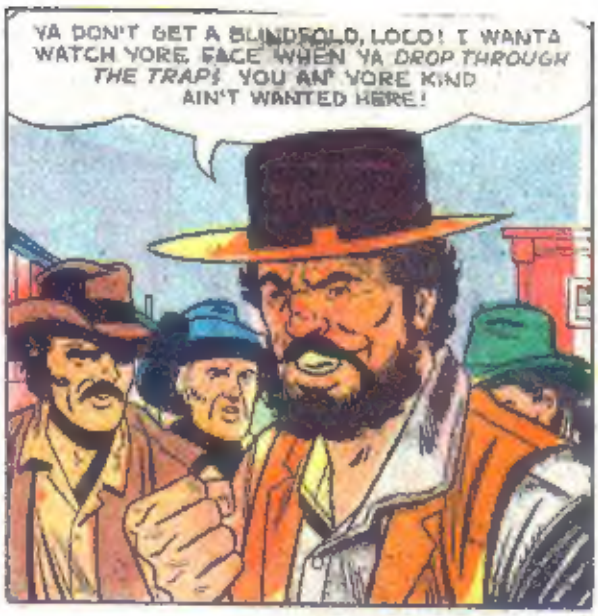
WHY, THE DIRTY POLECAT! HANGIN'S TOO GOOD FOR 'IM! THE VERDICT O' THIS HERE COURT IS TO STRING THE VARMINT UP PRONTO, SO NOBODY'LL HAVE TA WATCH HE DON'T ESCAPE!


THE SCAFFOLD'S READY! DRAG HIM OVER THERE AN' PUT THE NOOSE AROUND HIS NECK! LET'S FINISH THIS UP QUICK-LIKE!
AIN'T NOBODY GONNA MESS WITH LEON STUCKEY AN' HIS BOYS! WE OWN THIS TOWN AN' EVERYTHIN' AROUND IT!
THEM GREASERS WILL RUN AFTER THEY SEE WHAT WE DO TO THIS GENT!

WHY DON'T YA BEG A LITTLE GREASER? THROW YORESELF ON THE MERCY O' THE COURT... HAWHAWHAW!
I WOULD FACE THE SCAFFOLD A THOUSAND TIMES RATHER THAN BEG FOR YOUR MERCY!

YOU AIN'T GONNA BE DOIN' MUCH TALKIN' IN ABOUT FIVE MIN...HEY!
PERHAPS THERE IS SOMETHING YOU CAN DO FOR ME...THIS!
7


OKAY, OKAY, HE'S HAD HIS FUN! NOW LYNCH HIM!
YOU'RE A FOOL, STUCKEY! EVEN IF I HANG, YOU WON'T FRIGHTEN THE TOWNSPEOPLE INTO LEAVING THEIR HOMES!


YA DON'T GET A BLINDFOLD, LOCO! I WANTA WATCH YORE FACE WHEN YA DROP THROUGH THE TRAP! YOU AN' YORE KIND AIN'T WANTED HERE!

HEY...WHAT'S GOIN'ON THERE? WHAT'S CAUSIN' THAT RUCKUS? HEY...WATCH IT.... YA CAN'T DRIVE THAT HERD THROUGH... EEEEYYYYIIIII!

THE GREASERS ARE DRIVIN' A HERD O' LONGHORNS THROUGH THE TOWN! RUN FOR IT!
YOU AIN'T TELLIN' ME NOTHIN'! I DON'T KNOW! THIS IS CRAZY!

YOU THINK THAT I HAD FORGOTTEN, AMIGO? EET TOOK TIME TO ROUND UP THE OTHER RANCHERS! WE WEEL NOT LET YOU HANG! COME... JOIN US!

GRACIAS, AMIGO... I AM WITH YOU! KEEP THE OTHERS BUSY WHILE I ARM MYSELF, AND ATTEND TO SOME BUSINESS!

THE RANGE-WILD LONGHORNS CHASE STUCKEY'S GUNSLINGERS....SOME OF THEM AREN'T LUCKY ENOUGH TO ESCAPE! AND LOCO GETS A SIX-GUN TO USE... THE HARD WAY!
THEY'LL BE IN THE SALOON! IF I HAD ANY SENSE, I'D WAIT AND GET SOME OF THE RANCHERS TO HELP ME! BUT I'M NOT VERY SENSIBLE, THAT'S WHY THEY CALL ME LOCO!
NO TWO-BIT MEX IS GONNA RUIN MY PLANS! I'LL SHOW YA, GREASER 'LL TAKE CARE OF YOU RIGHT... UNNNNN!
REMAIN WEETH US, AM GO BE OUR LEADER OUR DEFENDER!
YOU NEED NO DEFENDER, MY FRIENDS! REMEMBER, IF YOU FIGHT AGAINST OPPRESSION YOU WILL ALWAYS BE FREE!
, THEY OFFERED HIM FRIENDSHIP AND POWER ..AND HE REFUSED.. BECAUSE ..THE MAN CALLED LOCO HAS A MISSION A DESTINY.. SOMEWHERE BEYOND THE FAR HORIZON!
PAIT
9
END

TWO TOUGH RANGERS VS. A ONE-EYED COOT

RANGERS POLLOCK AND KNUDSEN HAD HAD TOUGH CHORES LATELY. SIMMS POLLOCK TRACKING DOWN THE HAYFEE BROTHERS AND SHOOTING IT OUT. KNUDSEN HAD HAD A BEEF WITH THE RUTHLESS COMANCHEROS... THEY'D BEEN EXPECTING SOMETHING REALLY BAD, WHEN THEY LEARNED CAPT WILLSET WAS SENDING THEM OUT ON THE SAME JOB BUT THEN THEY LEARNED WHAT IT WAS....

HOLD ON, CAP I THOUGHT YUH JES' SAID YUH WANT US TUH FIND A ELDERLY GENT... LIVIN' WITH THE KIOWA WHAT'S SO HARD ABOUT THAT?

AIN'T NO USE ME TELLIN' YUH, GENTS... YUH WOULDN'T BELIEVE ME NOHOW. JES' TAKE MY WORD!

...KEEP YOUR IRONS CLEAN AN' BE READY TUH JUMP FAST WHEN YUH MEET ONE-EYE ...YUH'RE LIKELY TUH GET A SURPRISE!

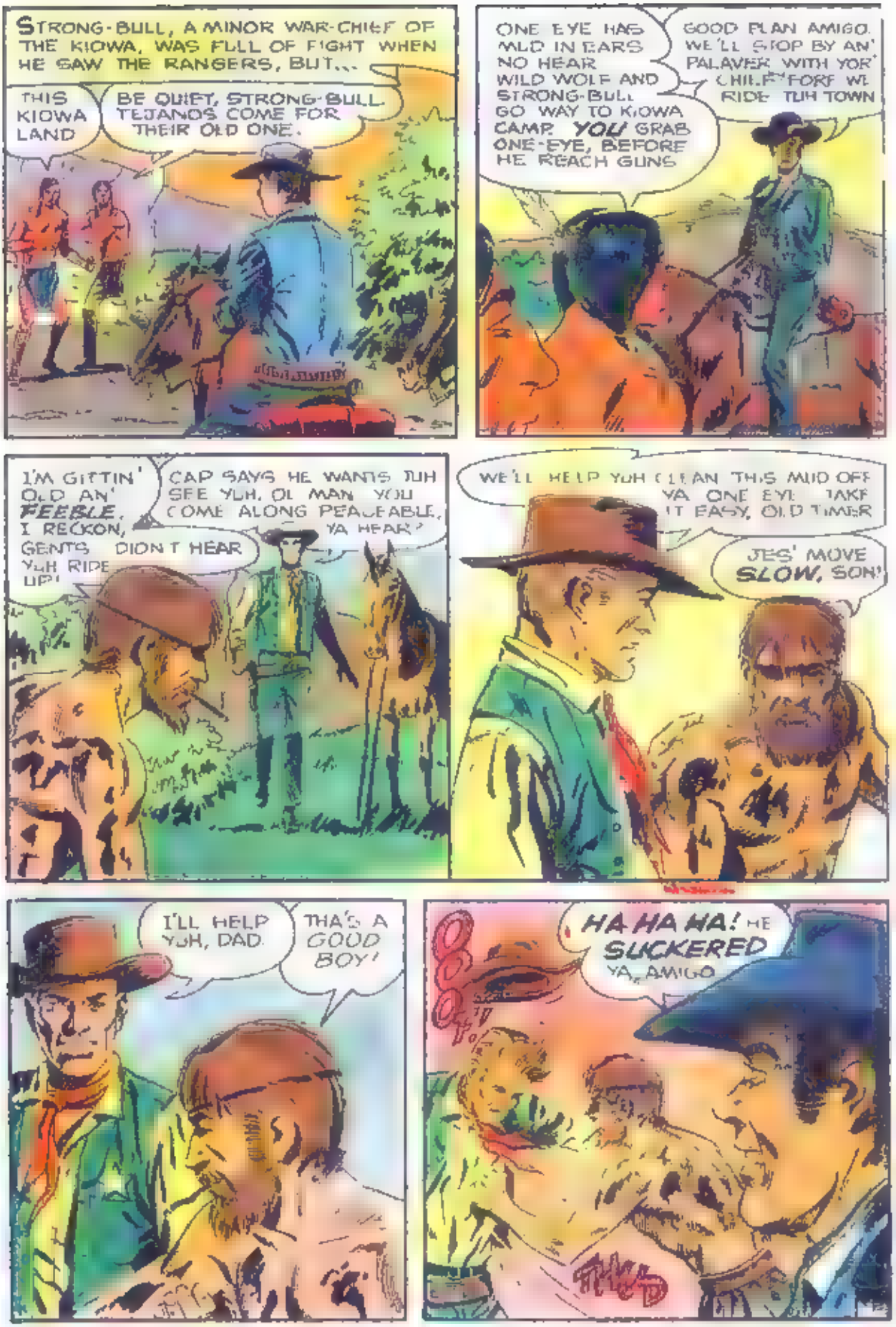
WE'LL BE LAUGHED OUTA TEXAS, IF THIS OL' ONE-EYED JASPER GIVES US ANY TROUBLE, SIMMS.

NICHOLAS A.S.

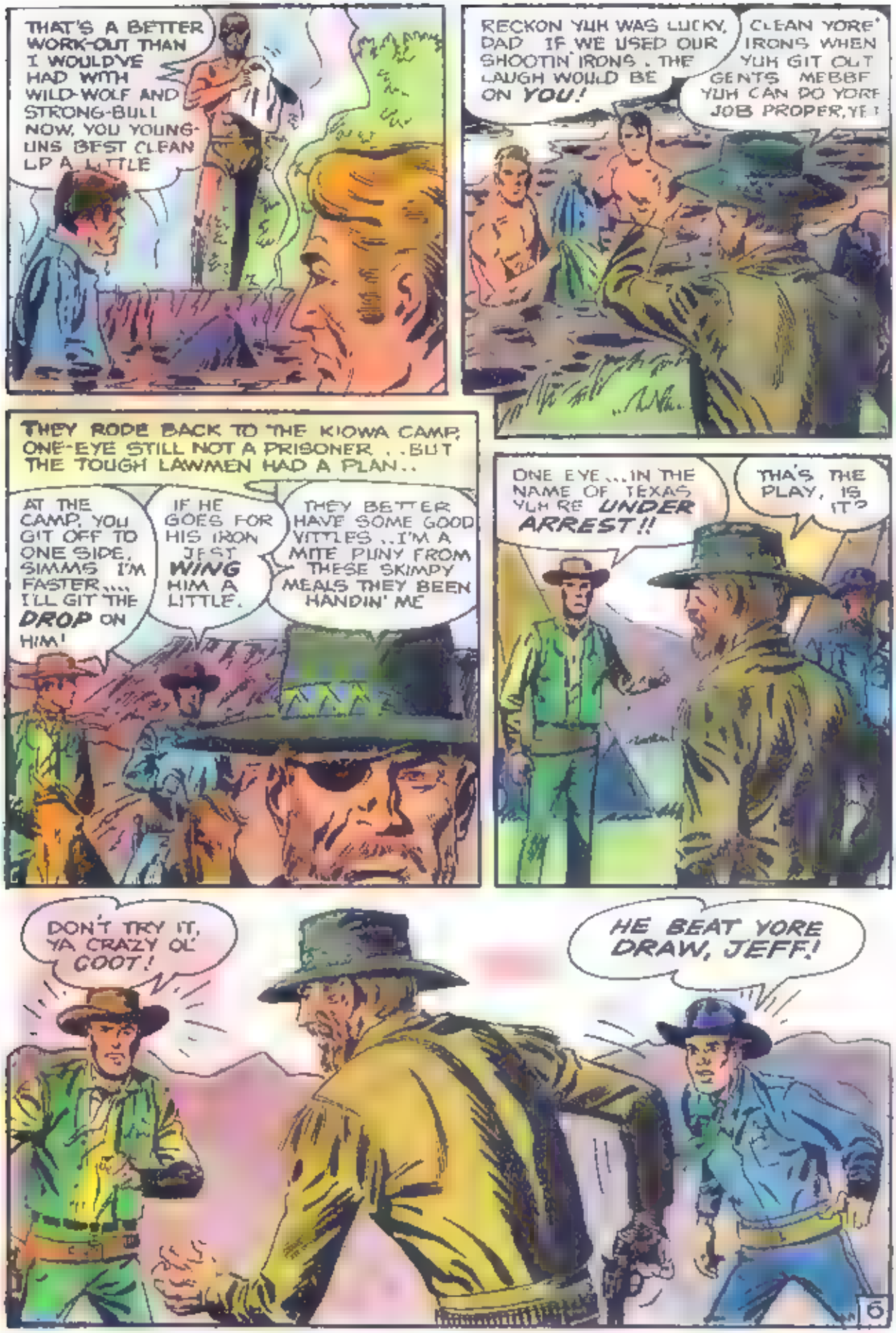
B 1873

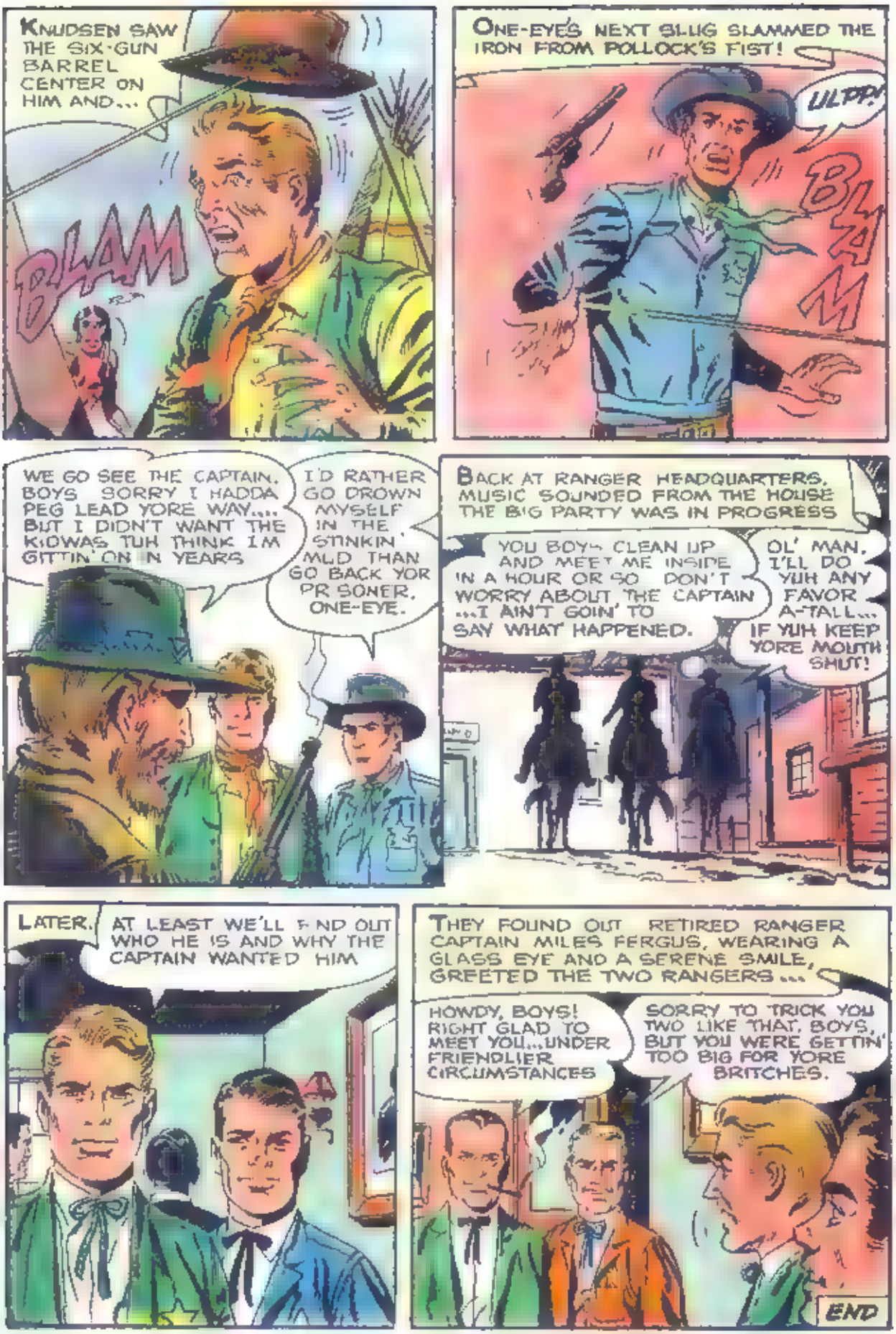
AT A KIOWA CAMP SOMEWHERE ON THE TEXAS PLAINS.....
WAKE UP ONE-EYE WILD WOLF TELL-UM FOOD READY.. LIKE HIM WANTS.
SQUAW WAKE UP ONE EYE RIM KNOCK WILD WOLF INTO WATER-HOLE!
UNGH! MY OL' BONES ARE SO WEARY.. AH CAN'T HARDLY MOVE M' LEGS!
FLOWER-THAT-BLOOMS-IN THE-MORNING.... GOT A FEW CRUMBS FER A PITIFUL OL' MAN?
ONLY WILD PARTRIDGE, AND SOME LAMB CHOPS, ONE EYE
IT'LL DO, IT'LL DO... TILL YUH GIT SOME DECENT GRUB... WHEN THE SUN'S STRAIGHT UP ..... WILD WOLF?
ONE-EYE HAS ONLY TO SPEAK AND WILD WOLF OBEYS.
THAS RIGHT KIND OF YUH, WILD WOLF. YOU AN' ME WILL GO TO THE STINKIN' MUD-HOLE... AFTER I EAT!
WILD WOLF WILL BRING STRONG BULL TO HELP ...IF ONE EYE WILL PERMIT
ALL RIGHT! BUT TELL 'IM HE GOT TO TRY HARDER THIS TIME

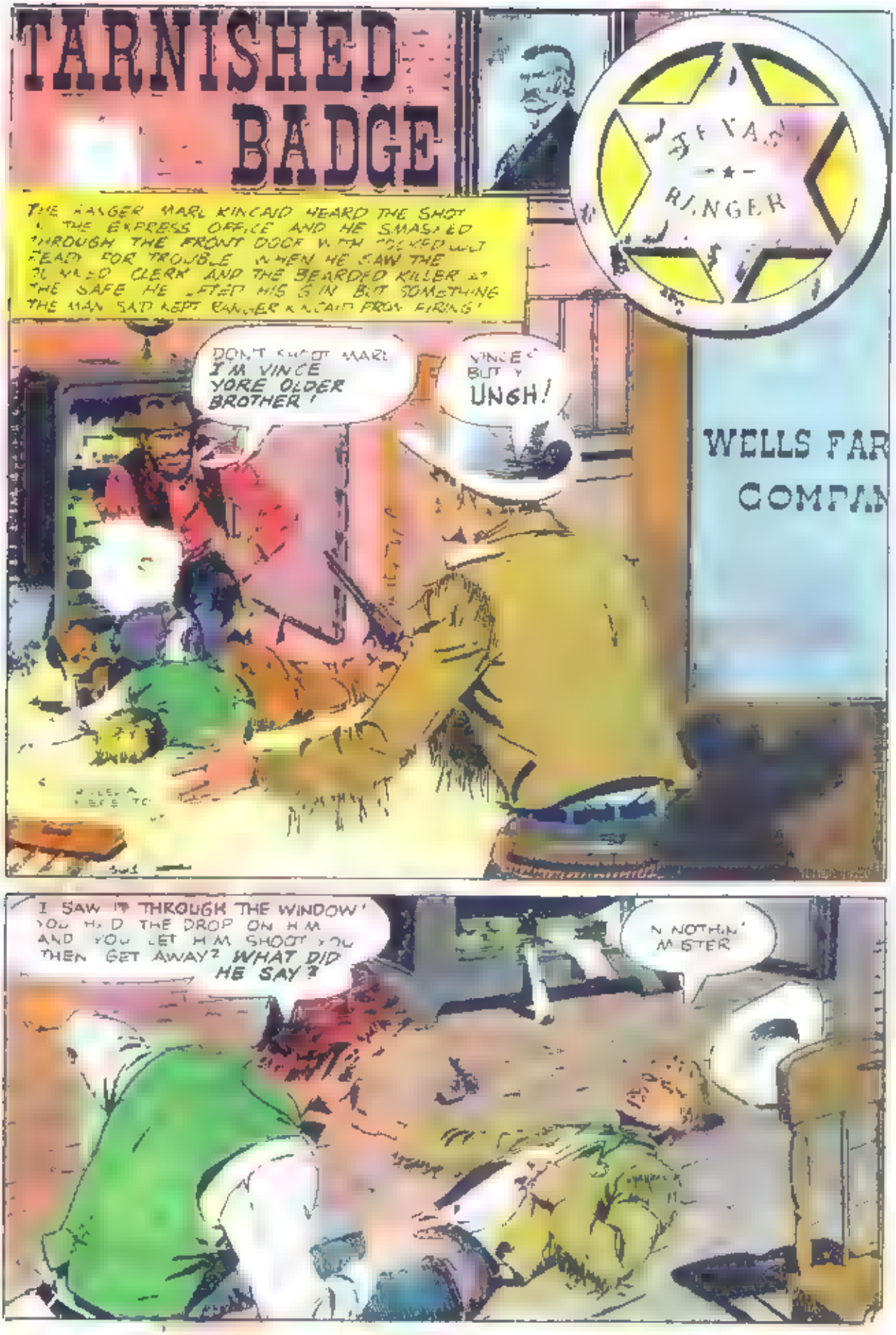
POLLOCK AND KNUDSEN RODE INTO THE VILLAGE AN HOUR LATER.
JES' TUH HUMOR THE CAPTAIN, JEFF, KEEP YORE WINCHESTER HANDY. I'LL FIND OL' ONE-EYE AN' TELL HIM THE CAPTAIN WANTS TUH TALK... BACK AT HEADQUARTERS.
ONE EYE? YOU WANT TAKE ONE-EYE TO TOWN? IS GOOD.
WHERE IS THE OL' GENT?
AT STINKING-MUD SPRINGS RIDE THAT WAY YOU FIND BAD SMELL, YOU THERE!
THANKS KIOWA
HOW DID YUH HURT YORE LEG, AMIGO?
ME FALL DOWN MAYBE, YOU FALL DOWN SOME DAY, I SHOW-UM WHERE FIND GOOD STICK HELP-UM WALK!
I WISH I KNEW WHY THE CAPTAIN WANTS ONE-EYE, SIMMS!
WHO CARES? WE JUST BRING HIM IN
AND
SOON'S I GIT THE ACHES BILED OUTA MY BONES, WE'LL HAVE A LITTLE EXERCISE, BOYS!
STRONG BULL FIRST, ONE EYE
3


STRONG-BULL, A MINOR WAR-CHIEF OF THE KIOWA, WAS FULL OF FIGHT WHEN HE SAW THE RANGERS, BUT...
THIS KIOWA LAND
BE QUIET, STRONG-BULL. TEJANOS COME FOR THEIR OLD ONE.
ONE EYE HAS MUD IN EARS NO HEAR WILD WOLF AND STRONG-BULL GO WAY TO KIOWA CAMP. YOU GRAB ONE-EYE, BEFORE HE REACH GUNS
GOOD PLAN AMIGO. WE'LL STOP BY AN' PALAVER WITH YOR' CHIEF FORE WE RIDE TUH TOWN
I'M GITTIN' OLD AN' FEEBLE, I RECKON, GENTS DIDN'T HEAR YUH RIDE UP!
CAP SAYS HE WANTS TUH SEE YUH, OL MAN YOU COME ALONG PEACEABLE, YA HEAR?
WE'LL HELP YUH CLEAN THIS MUD OFF YA ONE EYE. TAKE IT EASY, OLD TIMER
JES' MOVE SLOW, SON!
I'LL HELP YUH, DAD.
THAT'S A GOOD BOY!
HA HA HA! HE SUCKERED YA, AMIGO

SIMMS, GRAB... AANGH!
I'LL QUIET HIM IN A HURRY!
SLAM
DON'T KNOW WHAT THEY TEACH YOU DUDES NOWA-DAYS!
KE-OOOW
WATCH IT, SIMMS... HE'S QUICKER THAN A CAT!
TRY THE MUD TENDERFOOT!
THUD
THIS HERE'S A TRICK I LEARNED FROM A CHINAMAN... ON THE UNION AN' PACIFIC RAILROAD!
WHACK
15

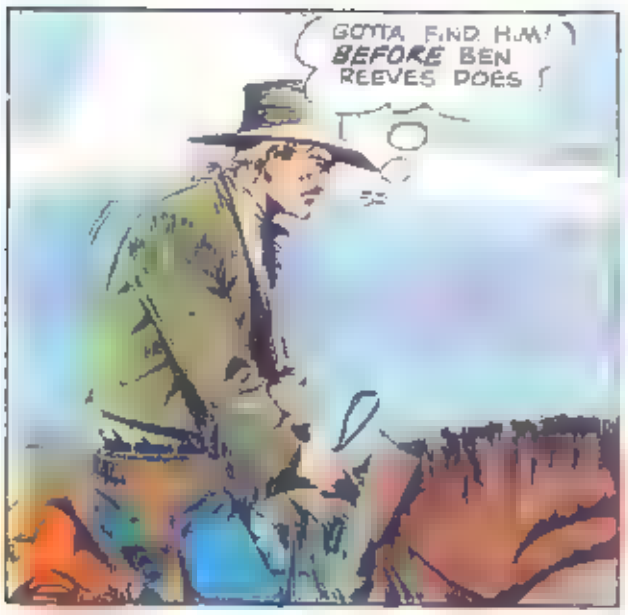

THAT'S A BETTER WORK-OUT THAN I WOULD'VE HAD WITH WILD-WOLF AND STRONG-BULL NOW, YOU YOUNG-UNS BEST CLEAN UP A LITTLE
RECKON YUH WAS LUCKY, DAD IF WE USED OUR SHOOTIN' IRONS, THE LAUGH WOULD BE ON YOU!
CLEAN YORE' IRONS WHEN YUH GIT OUT GENTS MEBBE YUH CAN DO YORE JOB PROPER, YE!
THEY RODE BACK TO THE KIOWA CAMP, ONE-EYE STILL NOT A PRISONER . . BUT THE TOUGH LAWMEN HAD A PLAN . .
AT THE CAMP, YOU GIT OFF TO ONE SIDE, SIMMS I'M FASTER . . . . I'LL GIT THE DROP ON HIM!
IF HE GOES FOR HIS IRON JEST WING HIM A LITTLE.
THEY BETTER HAVE SOME GOOD VITTLES . . I'M A MITE PUNY FROM THESE SKIMPY MEALS THEY BEEN HANDIN' ME
ONE EYE . . . IN THE NAME OF TEXAS YUH RE UNDER ARREST!!
THA'S THE PLAY, IS IT?
DON'T TRY IT, YA CRAZY OL' COOT!
HE BEAT YORE DRAW, JEFF!
6


KNUDSEN SAW THE SIX-GUN BARREL CENTER ON HIM AND...
BLAM
ONE-EYE'S NEXT SLUG SLAMMED THE IRON FROM POLLOCK'S FIST!
ULPP!
BLAM
WE GO SEE THE CAPTAIN, BOYS SORRY I HADDA PEG LEAD YORE WAY.... BUT I DIDN'T WANT THE KIOWAS TUH THINK I'M GITTIN' ON IN YEARS
I'D RATHER GO DROWN MYSELF IN THE STINKIN' MUD THAN GO BACK YOR PRISONER, ONE-EYE.
BACK AT RANGER HEADQUARTERS, MUSIC SOUNDED FROM THE HOUSE THE BIG PARTY WAS IN PROGRESS
YOU BOYS CLEAN UP AND MEET ME INSIDE IN A HOUR OR SO DON'T WORRY ABOUT THE CAPTAIN ...I AIN'T GOIN' TO SAY WHAT HAPPENED.
OL' MAN, I'LL DO YUH ANY FAVOR A-TALL... IF YUH KEEP YORE MOUTH SHUT!
LATER.
AT LEAST WE'LL FIND OUT WHO HE IS AND WHY THE CAPTAIN WANTED HIM
THEY FOUND OUT RETIRED RANGER CAPTAIN MILES FERGUS, WEARING A GLASS EYE AND A SERENE SMILE, GREETED THE TWO RANGERS ...
HOWDY, BOYS! RIGHT GLAD TO MEET YOU...UNDER FRIENDLIER CIRCUMSTANCES
SORRY TO TRICK YOU TWO LIKE THAT, BOYS, BUT YOU WERE GETTIN' TOO BIG FOR YORE BRITCHES.
END

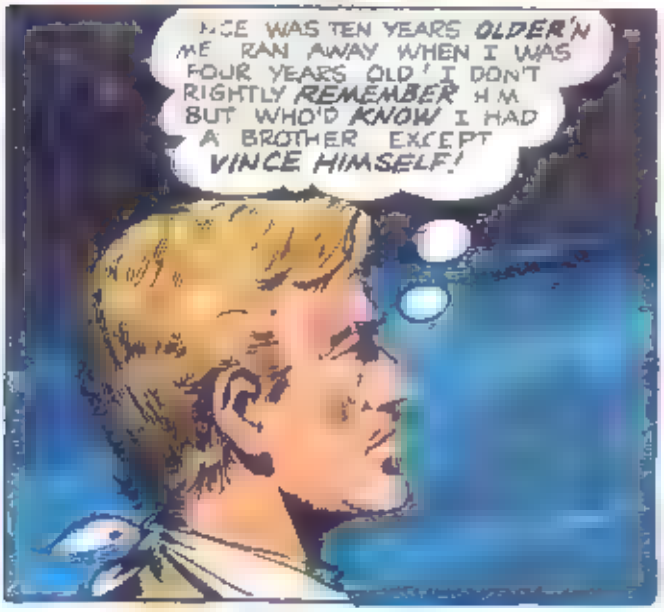

TARNISHED BADGE
RANGER
THE RANGER MARL KINCAID HEARD THE SHOT AT THE EXPRESS OFFICE AND HE SMASHED THROUGH THE FRONT DOOR WITH DRAWN GUN READY FOR TROUBLE. WHEN HE SAW THE WOUNDED CLERK AND THE BEARDED KILLER AT THE SAFE HE LET HIS GUN BUT SOMETHING THE MAN SAID KEPT RANGER KINCAID FROM FIRING!
DON'T SHOOT MARL I'M VINCE YORE OLDER BROTHER!
VINCE! BUT I—
UNGH!
WELLS FAR
COMPAN
I SAW IT THROUGH THE WINDOW! YOU HAD THE DROP ON HIM AND YOU LET HIM SHOOT YOU THEN GET AWAY? WHAT DID HE SAY?
NOTHIN' MISTER

THE WOUND WAS SERIOUS. BUT DR GRANGER THOUGHT A HEALTHY MAN WOULD RECOVER PRETTY FAST. HE WAS WRONG.
HE'S WEAK. I WONDER WHY ARE YOU FEEDING HIM, ETHEL?
I TRY, DR GRANGER BUT HE DOESN'T WANT FOOD
SOMETHING'S TROUBLING H·M, DR. GRANGER AND HE WON'T TALK ABOUT IT TO ANYONE.
HE WON'T DISCUSS THE MAN WHO SHOT HIM EITHER DR. GRANGER
THE WOUNDED RANGER? YONDER IN DOC GRANGER'S SPARE ROOM·
AND
RANGER KINCAID? YOU CAN TALK TO HIM. BUT I AIN'T GUARANTEEIN' HE'LL ANSWER YOU·
HE AWAKE OR.?
HE'S PRETENDIN' TO BE ASLEEP, RANGER
WAKE UP MARL. IT'S ME, ROBBINS
I'M GONNA RIDE AFTER THE OWLHOOTER WHO ALMOST KILLED YA, MARL. TELL ME WHO HE IS AND DESCRIBE THE GENT AN' I'LL GET MOVIN'!
W-WHO? OH, DUNNO HIS NAME, BEN SHORTERN ME, SORTA BLOND, LEFTHANDED

W-WAIT A MINUTE BEN DO ME A FAVOR WILYA?
DID A LOT O' THINKIN LYIN' HERE, BEN ' I RECKON I'M TOO BIG A COWARD TUH KEEP ON BEING A RANGER GIVE THE CAPTAIN MY BADGE
YOU RE KIDDIN,' MARL
THINK THIS OVER MARL DON'T QUIT JUST BECAUSE YOU
I'LL NEVER TOUCH THAT BADGE AGAIN GOOD BYE — BEN
I'LL SAVE IT FOR YOU MR KINCAID
DON'T BOTHER
A WEEK ATER
YOU MIGHT TEAR THAT WOUND OPEN KINCAID' YOU SHOULD SPEND ANOTHER WEEK IN BED AND
I'M NOT A RANGER NOW DOL
I GOT SOME BUSINESS TO ATTEND TO
YOU'RE A STUBBORN FOOL, RANGER

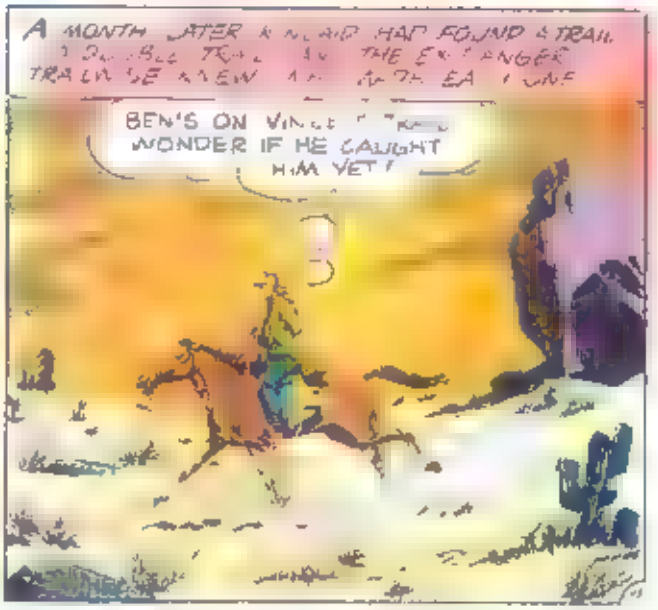

GOTTA FIND HIM! BEFORE BEN REEVES DOES!

MARL KINCAID DIDN'T GET FAR THE FIRST DAY
THE OUTLAW SAID HE WAS MY BROTHER!

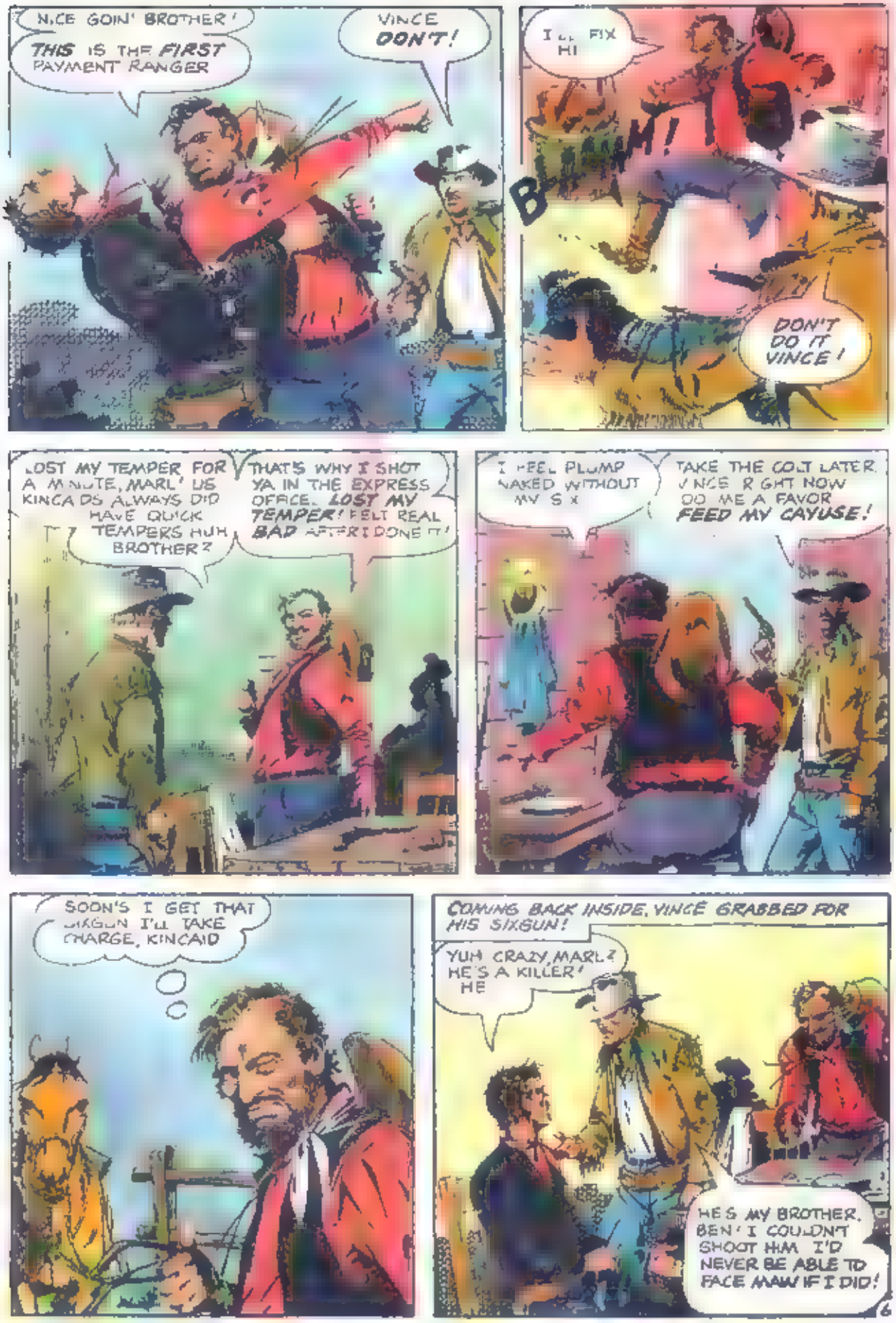

VINCE WAS TEN YEARS OLDER'N ME RAN AWAY WHEN I WAS FOUR YEARS OLD! I DON'T RIGHTLY REMEMBER HIM BUT WHO'D KNOW I HAD A BROTHER EXCEPT VINCE HIMSELF!

I COULDN'T SHOOT HIM THOUGHT MAW HOW SHE USED TO CRY NIGHTS AFTER HE RUNAWAY

VINCE RAN OFF WITH JOE TYLER MAW ALWAYS THOUGHT JOE TALKED VINCE INTO RUNNIN' AWAY!


A MONTH LATER KINCAID HAD FOUND A TRAIL
BEN'S ON VINCE'S TRAIL I WONDER IF HE CAUGHT HIM YET!

THEN THERE THEY WERE, TWO HORSES THE END OF THE TRAIL! BUT WHAT WOULD THE EX-RANGER FIND INSIDE?
IF IF BEN KILLED MY BROTHER I.
IT'LL BE WORSE FOR VINCE IF HE KILLED BEN!
MARL KINCAID SAW THE TWO MEN. BOTH ALIVE AND VINCE HAD A FEW FACIAL BRUISES TO TELL THE STORY WHAT HAD HAPPENED!
COME ON IN MARL JUST DON'T GET BETWEEN ME AN' THIS POLECAT!
YOU GONNA LET HIM TALK TO ME THATAWAY, MARL?
HELLO, VINCE
YA KNOW THIS SKUNK, MARL?
DON'T CALL HIM THAT BEN HE
HE'S MY BROTHER!
DROP THE SIX-GUN BEN! I'M NOT A TEXAS RANGER ANY MORE!


NICE GOIN' BROTHER!
THIS IS THE FIRST PAYMENT RANGER
VINCE DON'T!
I'LL FIX HI
BLAAAM!
DON'T DO IT VINCE!
LOST MY TEMPER FOR A MINUTE, MARL' US KINCAIDS ALWAYS DID HAVE QUICK TEMPERS HUH BROTHER?
THAT'S WHY I SHOT YA IN THE EXPRESS OFFICE. LOST MY TEMPER! FELT REAL BAD AFTER I DONE IT!
I FEEL PLUMP NAKED WITHOUT MY SIX
TAKE THE COLT LATER VINCE RIGHT NOW DO ME A FAVOR FEED MY CAYUSE!
SOON'S I GET THAT SIXGUN I'LL TAKE CHARGE, KINCAID
COMING BACK INSIDE, VINCE GRABBED FOR HIS SIXGUN!
YUH CRAZY, MARL? HE'S A KILLER! HE
HE'S MY BROTHER, BEN! I COULDN'T SHOOT HIM I'D NEVER BE ABLE TO FACE MAW IF I DID!
6

NOW, I GOT THE GUN, KINCAID. DROP YORES ..QUICK OR I'LL KILL YA FOR SURE THIS TIME!
BUT, VINCE.. I'M YORE BROTHER!
HAW HAW HA! THAT'S FUNNY! WE AIN'T RELATED, KINCAID...
YOU SAID YOU WERE VINCE.. YOU KNEW HE WAS MY BROTHER! YOU...
YUH'RE REAL SLOW, KINCAID... JUST LIKE VINCE USED TA BE!
I'M JOE TYLER... I TALKED HIM INTUH RUNNIN' AWAY WITH ME WHEN YOU WERE A SQUAWLIN' BRAT!
I HADDA SHOOT VINCE DOWN IN SONORA ..IN A FRIENDLY LIL GAME O' STUD POKER! NOW, I'M GONNA KILL YOU!
CLIK
WITH A SOB OF RAGE, MARL KINCAID LEAPED AT THE KILLER...IGNORING THE COCKED 45 POINTING AT HIM!
WATCH IT, MARL, HE...
I EMPTIED THE GUN, AMIGO!
DDD!!

MARL KINCAID SWUNG AND...
THIS IS FOR VINCE!
POWW!
SPLATTT!!
THIS IS FOR ME!
KRAAAKKK!
LEAVE ENOUGH OF HIM TUH STAND TRIAL, MARL!
THIS IS FER MAW!!
GOT SOMETHIN' FOR YUH, AMIGO! REMEMBER THE BADGE YUH SAID YU'D NEVER WEAR AGAIN?
YUH GOT IT, BEN? I'D SURE LIKE T' PIN IT ON AGAIN!
I WOULDN'T WEAR IT IF I HAD TUH LET AN OUTLAW RUN FREE... EVEN IF THE MAN WAS MY BROTHER! THAT'D TARNISH THE RANGER'S BADGE!
IT WAS A LITTLE DIRTY WHEN I PUT IT IN MY POCKET, MARL...
...BUT IT'S SHININ' BRIGHT NOW, MARL! MEBBE FROM BEIN' IN MY POCKET, YA THINK?
END

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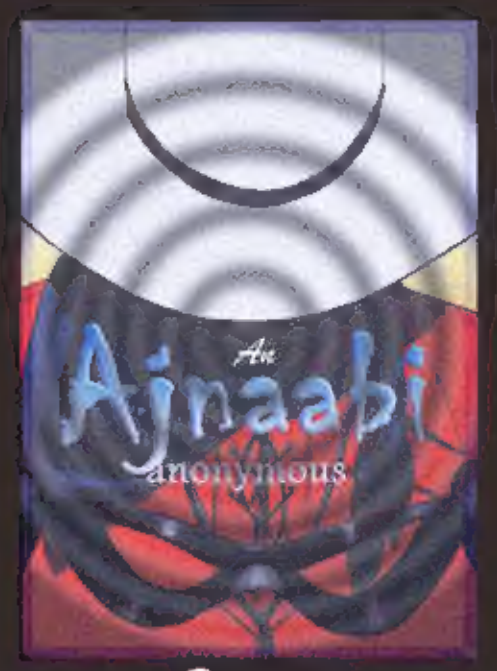

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